

# The Saturday Evening Post.

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WHOLE NO. 265.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following hitherto unpublished lines, *Mrs. Editors*, written by a lady of Connecticut, having fallen into my hands, I send them to you for insertion. Their beauty will ensure them the commendation of taste and feeling.

X. Y. X.

To Mr. ——, written after passing a few hours with her previous to her return to Philadelphia.

O thou who like a gleam of light,  
Across my path so swiftly flew,  
I met thee, but to mark thy flight,  
And saw thee, but to say adieu.

Like heaven's bright bow, or glory's dream,  
That shine, attract us, and are not;  
As quick thy flight, as bright thy beam,  
But not like those to be forg'd.

Though swift Oblivion's waters roll,  
And few our interviews have been,  
Thy memory on my willing soul,  
Is grav'd by friendship's diamond pen.

The common sympathies that bind  
Young hearts, are broke by ev'ry blast;  
But friendship, that is built on mind,  
Long as the mind endures shall last.

I know thy generous bosom bears  
A heart liberal as space;

And well such sparkling thought declares  
The richness of its dwelling place.

Yet go—where Penn's proud city spreads  
Sublime, her white, commercial key,  
And Del'ware's foaming waves are led  
Along the noble Bay to sea.

All that can captivate the heart,  
Or warm enlighten'd souls, is there;  
Wonders of nature—works of art,  
Demand thee to thy native air.

Then go—perchance we meet no more  
In scenes of deeper joy and woe;

In paths as separate as before,

Our separated feet may go.

But when Heaven's Angel from these shores  
Thy late-demanded soul shall bear;  
I'll meet thee at the Eternal Doors,  
And be thy Sister Spirit there. F. M. C.

## MUSIC.

Music, like the morning morn,  
Breaks upon the opening day,

Chasing far the plume of night,

With her soft effulgent ray.

Music, like the teardrop sigh,

From a maiden's virtuous breast,

Or the tear from beauty's eye,

Falls upon the heart distressed.

Music, like the ocean's mourn,  
Spreads afar her solemn notes;

Or the breeze at early morn,

As on the ambient air it floats.

Music, like the promise given

From the skies to man below—

Music, like the voice of heaven,

Soothes the heart opprest with woe.

Music, like the still small voice

Of conscience, free from every pain,

Music, bids the soul rejoice,

In her sweet harmonic strain.

## SYLVAN.

To ELIZA,

Oh! ensure me not that from wisdom I stray,

That I drink of the carousing bowl,

The crew of scoundrels my basins prey,

They treach'ry sinks deep in my soul;

Just this but here true to the fact that was wov'd

My heart had not wond'ring, inconstancy, from thee,

Had not sought for delight in the riotous crowd,

Nor at the flush'd shrine of intemperance how'd,

From the heat of this passion to flee.

Twas thine to lay waste the calm sunshine of joy

That dash'd upon life's early day;

Two thine, those dear prospects of bliss to destroy,

They kindness had thrown in my way;

They wove not plighted to one that's more dear—

Another perhaps more deserving thy love—

May his breast ne'er be clouded by doubt or by fear,

May the rich flow'rs of feeling your bosoms still cheer,

And guide you to regions above.

But blame not the faults of a soul that's allied

To the wrongs of a passion too true,

If it seek in the cup of oblivion to hide

My falsehood, my truth from its view,

That nothing endears thy tenderness more,

Then, know thee, as faithless thy false vows recall—

The curtain of death o'er my senses would fall,

And sink the lone heart to the grave.

## TO P. OF NATCHZ.

Ah! little think you, when you hear

My musing minstrel,

That I so often shed the tear

Of mourning misery;

And little think you, when you feel

The magic of my lyre,

That sorrow doth so often steal

To bathe the warbling wire.

I wander in the world unknown

Where streams of friendship flow;

But not to me—I dwelt alone,

And weep o'er all my woe;

Yet I have felt the sunny beam

When life stoln smooth along;

But 'twas a cheating, changing dream,

That 'wach'd the child of song.

I stray in fields, in forests far,

Thro' groves and gayer bower;

But retrospection, like the star,

Still points to mem'ry's hours.

I clamber on the ragged rock

To hear the ocean roar;

But ev'n that grandeur seems to mock

Those joys which are no more.

My harp unstrung, neglected lies,

'Neath yon lone churchyard spire

Slow thro' its strings the north-wind sighs,

And sweeps the Lydian lyre:

I sing to beauty, when I sit

On yon green grave so low:

No more!—twas on that rock I split;

I am the child of woe.

MILFORD BARD.

## FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

### A TALE.

The father of Charles Pendleton had been long engaged in commercial pursuits, but having accumulated a sufficient fortune, and retiring from the buzy scenes of a mercantile life, he removed to his seat in the country, resolved to devote his attention to the education of the youthful Charles, and his still younger sister. A private instructor was employed, and so rapid was proficiency made by Charles, that while it excited the surprise, it filled the heart of the parent with the most pleasing anticipations. At length the years of infancy and childhood passed away, and Charles was found amply prepared to commence his college course. His talents could not long remain concealed, and soon after his admittance into college he evinced them to be of the first order. His disposition, too, was most kind and amiable. In him, the oppressed were sure to find an advocate—and when an opportunity presented to relieve the wants of the unfortunate, he seized it with heartfelt satisfaction; he was remarkable also, for the scrupulous exactness with which he discharged a promise, nor was he ever known to deviate in the slightest degree from a course of the strictest honor. Yet, with those noble qualifications he possessed one fault, which, although perhaps not unpardonable, was still a source of grief to his friends, and sufficient to embitter many moments of a life that otherwise might have passed without one feeling of remorse or melancholy. In a moment of excitement, reason would forsake her dominion over him, and he would at once surrender himself up to the ungovernable fury of his anger. He was sensible of the danger to which he was thus exposed, and he strove, by presenting himself with every motive his imagination could suggest, to correct this unhappy propensity; but strange as it may appear, his efforts were fruitless, and it seemed beyond the power of man wholly to eradicate this dangerous passion. Still he retained his place in the affections of his associates, for, although they beheld these interperate salutes of rage, they beheld him also when reason had resumed her empire, they perceived him overwhelmed with sorrow, and they could not withhold their pity. It was at this period he became acquainted with Edward H., a youth in many respects the exact counterpart of Charles. They were each of an ardent temperament, and were alike susceptible of all the tender emotions of the soul. An intimacy was contracted between them, which soon increased to the warmest friendship, and in the enjoyment of each other's society, they felt a satisfaction which nothing else could afford. By a kind and tender sympathy the woes of life were in some degree alleviated, for they rejoiced in each other's prosperity, and when the hand of misfortune was heavy upon one, it imparted grief also to his companion. In the autumn of 1812, Edward with his friend repaired to the dwelling of the latter, that they might together spend the ensuing vacation. They had anticipated the utmost pleasure on this occasion, and anxiously awaited its approach. Emily, the sister of Charles, was now in the bloom of youth, remarkable for her beauty, to which she added a degree of intelligence which rendered her company peculiarly attractive. Edward beheld her, and—“to see her was to love her.” His passion was reciprocated on her part, and Charles saw with pleasure their mutual love. He knew the sterling virtue of Edward, and wished for his sister no better companion than the friend of his heart. At this time, as it is well known, the demon of party raged uncontrolled, preying upon the very vitals of our distressed country, and destroying the sweets of social life. Unfortunately the friends had espoused different sides in this political contest, but each one, knowing the impetuosity of his temper had carefully abstained from a topic which they plainly foresaw must endanger their friendship, and perhaps lead to consequences still more to be dreaded. But it was destined that this silence should now be interrupted, and that the ties of friendship, by which they had been so long connected, should be broken forever. A gentleman who resided in the vicinity, had one day called upon Mr. Pendleton; their conversation turned upon the situation of the country, and of the facts that disturbed its domestic peace. Charles at this moment was absent, and Edward taking part in the conversation, had the misfortune to differ in opinion from the gentleman, and considerable earnestness was manifested by both—at this crisis Charles entered the room, and for a moment listened to the dispute. His friend advised silence at this moment, and from the impulse of the moment, he replied to them with such vehemence. The father of Charles interposed, and endeavoured to allay the storm which he saw commencing; but in vain, their anger continued to increase, and soon arrived in such a height that they so far forgot the respect they owed themselves and each other, as to indulge in the grossest personalities, and was found necessary, in order to prevent them from proceeding to open violence, to make use of force in compelling Charles to leave the room. They again met at the tea table, where Emily behaved with anxiety the coldness, and endeavoured by her lively conversation to divert their minds, and effect a reconciliation—but this she was unable to accomplish. The epithets of racial and villain which they had so liberally bestowed, still sounded in their ears, and the remembrance rankled their indignation.—After they had left the table, Charles withdrew to his apartment, from whence he soon transmitted a challenge to his former friend—the challenge was accepted, and they agreed to meet the following morning in a wood about a mile distant from the residence of Mr. Pendleton. Accordingly the next day, under different pretences, they repaired to the place of rendezvous, unattended, that their objects might not be suspected—they immediately prepared for the fatal encounter—the tear stood in the eye of Charles as he beheld his friend, and reflected upon their former intimacy and their deadly purpose, for the voice

dearest,” says he, “I will triumph; I will reach the top!” he panted from the ardency of his exertions, the summit of the hill was still far above them—nature had almost yielded, but the pressure, the impetuous ascent of his lovely burthen, had new strength. “She shall be mine,” said from his lips—“his weakened frame was reinvigorated, and he persevered in his ascent. Again and again he had to fall to the ground through the fatigues of fatigue—again and again his weary efforts in ascending were almost as great as like a man struggling with the waves, conscious that a suspension of exertion would inevitably consign him to a watery grave, so to toiled the Chevalier. At length, the exulting shouts of the vassals announced that he had gained the summit. The victor is beheld on the top of the hill—he sinks in the ground with his beauteous prize in his arms—“O my love, now my husband, you have succeeded,” exclaimed she. No answer was returned to her expression of passion. Extricating herself from his arms, she gazed upon his countenance—a death-like pallor was spread over it—his eyes, that so lately beamed with the ardour of love, were closed—“He is dead!” she shrieked out—the sound of her voice appeared to revive him, and he half-opened his eyes—supporting him with her arm, she made impatient signals to the vassals who, having seen the Chevalier fall, had hastened to his assistance. As they ascended the hill, a stifled murmur of indignation rose from them, admiring the generous and ardent love of the Chevalier for their amiable mistress, and detesting the cruelty of their lord; they dared not, however, give vent to their feelings—their aid was needless—the eyes of the Chevalier again closed—his lips convulsively quivered—his head fell upon the bosom of his beloved girl—the hand of death was laid upon him—she gave one look upon his cold and lifeless features, uttered a slight groan and sank down by him.

The Baron saw his daughter sink to the ground; and ran towards the hill; he arrived, and beheld her form extended by the side of her lover—in vain did he clasp her in his arms, calling upon her to give him one glance of forgiveness—in vain did he tear his hair in agony—the spark of life was extinct—by the side of her lover's body had she breathed out her faithful soul! The vassals mutely gazed upon the body of her they ever regarded with reverence and affection: their countenances were more expressive “of sorrow than of anger.” They bore the Baron half-distracted from the spot, when the violence of his grief had in some degree abated. To ease his troubled conscience, and as melancholy consolation, he caused a chapel to be erected there. The bodies of the lovers were placed in one tomb—they were laid side by side—and those, whose union, when living, the envious fate had denied, were not divided in death. The tear will often glisten in the eye of the peasant girl of Normandy, as she points to the fatal hill, and relates the story of the two unfortunate lovers.

And—“that they in creation should have felt,”

Socrates died like a philosopher but Jesus Christ like a God.”

The following beautiful extract is from the writings of Mr. Wirt, formerly attorney general of the United States.

“It was on Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, (Va.) that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruined old wooden house in the forest not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before in travelling in these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

“In the 12th century, when the feudal system existed in all its debasing rigidity, this part of the country was under the sway of a baron, distinguished for his haughtiness and capricious cruelty of his disposition; he delighted in brutal displays of power, imposed services upon his vassals the most whimsical and degrading, visiting delinquency with punishment, the severity of which bordered upon ferocity, and in fine, indulged with exultation in every thing which served to exhibit his consciousness of superiority, and his contempt for the unfortunate beings in his subjection to him. He was a tall and a very spare man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice were all shivering under the influence of a palsy, and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind. The first emotions that touched my heart, were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah! sacred God! how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of the apostles appeared never more touched with holy fire than were those of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament, the subject was of course, the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give the subject a new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

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“He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour, his trial before Pilate, his crucifixion and death— I knew the whole history, but never until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new, and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable, and every heart in the assembly in unison. His peculiar phrasings had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the face of the Jesus; the staring, ingenuous, distorted of malice and



in the city of Toulouse, France, entirely of cast iron, upon a beautiful model.

At the recent election in the county of Louth, Ireland, the voters for one of the candidates—Foster,—were brought out on carts, guarded by soldiers, like convicts."

A Paris paper of the 10th ult. states that on the 24, a fight took place at Marseilles between some American and Spanish—many of whom were wounded—John Cook, of the 49th Canton, was killed, being stabbed with a knife.

In consequence of the many evils arising from the use of adulterated wines and milk in Paris, the Prefect has appointed eight inspectors who are required to be well acquainted with chemistry, and to be provided with instruments for detecting adulterations in these articles.

Opposition in coaches sometimes run to great lengths, and the mania has reached the steam-boats. We understand that at the present time, the passengers in the steam packet between Cork and Bristol, are supplied with provisions gratis!!!

The result of the late elections for the new British Parliament has inspired the friends of Catholic emancipation with renewed hopes of success. It is said that a majority of the House of Commons will be in favor of an emancipation bill—and it now appears evident that the question will again be strenuously agitated in the new Parliament.

According to an article in the London Journal of Arts and Sciences, for the month of July, it appears there are at present one hundred manufacturers in France devoted to the making of sugar from the beet root. The quantity of sugar actually prepared is estimated at from four to five millions of pounds.

The widow of the celebrated Lord Erskine appeared a few days ago at the Mansion House in London, as a petitioner to the Lord Mayor for pecuniary relief. She gave a melancholy history of her sufferings and distress. The Lord Mayor gave her a sum to relieve her present distresses. Subscriptions have been sent in by the charitable. She was shabbily dressed. [In making this statement we ought to inform our readers that Lady Erskine is a woman of low birth, who long lived under the protection of Lord Erskine, and to whom, in a fit of foolish rage, he was married a short time before his death. She had been well provided for, but in consequence of her excessive indulgence, the trustees, Lords Rosslyn and Duncannon, refused to have any thing to do with her.]

A curious trial took place at Agen, in France, a few days ago. A Mr. Ines Bazeille, a respectable merchant, being at the Circus of that place during the performance of a piece in which a young Greek was heroically defending a standard, in the enthusiasm of the moment, shouted aloud, "Long live the Greeks in spite of the Government, and death to the Turks!" For this offence he was arrested and brought before the Tribunal, the officer of the Crown demanding that he should be fined and imprisoned. The jury, however, without hesitation acquitted him.

There is a person residing in the neighborhood of Kirkaldy, who wears a coat the age of which is no less than 126 years! It was the coat worn by his father on his wedding-day, bequeathed to the son, and served the same useful purpose on the like occasion for its present possessor. The wearer of this ancient garment is aged 89, and has worn the same chiefly for his Sunday's coat for more than 50 years!

Isaac Gaskill, of Bolton, stood penance in a white sheet and without shoes and stockings, in the parish church of that village, on Sunday the second of July, during the whole morning service, agreeably to an order from the ecclesiastical court, for having married the sister of his former wife soon after her decease. The ceremony, which attracted a great crowd of witnesses, was to be repeated the two following Sundays.

Recent Deaths in Ireland.—Mr. Henry Sykes, of Ballycullane, county of Limerick, at the advanced age of 115 years. He retained his faculties to the last, and walked to chapel (a short distance) every Sunday, till within the last fortnight.

At Ballyc, Samuel Robb, aged 113. He left behind him, 9 children, 65 grand children, upwards of 200 great grand children, and a great great grand children.

At Ardagh, in the county of Carlow, having attained the very advanced age of 107 years, Mr. Gaetel Thorpe, uncle to the late Alderman Thorpe, of Dublin.

## THE BEAUMA.

The splendid new theatre building in the Bowery, at New York, is in rapid progress, and will be completed about the first of October, when it will be opened under the acting management of Mr. Bratter, who with his lady, is engaged for the season. It should not be forgotten that a premium of \$100 is offered for the best address on the opening of this theatre, and that it should be forwarded by the aforesaid mentioned time. Mr. and Mrs. Duff are engaged for the winter at the Chatham Garden Theatre, N. Y.

The Park theatre, N. Y., after undergoing various improvements, and having affixed to the stage a new and splendid drop curtain, is announced to open on Monday next, with several permanent additions to the old company.

A large portion of the corps of the Park Theatre have been performing in Canada, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes have recently completed a short engagement at Montreal. The houses were crowded, particularly on their benefit nights. They are now performing at Quebec. Mr. Barnes, with Messrs. Lee and Plaide, and Mrs. Hale are now fulfilling a second engagement at Montreal. The houses continue crowded. This is the first season that theatrical talent, in any considerable number, has been attracted to Canada.

It appears that Mr. Wallack has not succeeded in his theatrical engagement in Albany.

The Liverpool papers state that Mr. Price was to quit England on the 25th July for America and to return immediately with Mr. Beau to Drury Lane. The papers continue to assert that Mr. P. is to be manager of Drury Lane, as he has engaged Macready, Mathews, Miss Stephens, and Liston. The reason why Mr. Bush has declined the lease of Drury Lane is in consequence of the extraordinary binding clauses it contains. He cannot remove a stick from the premises, although he may expend £20,000 on the premises. The lease has a dozen sheets of parchment.

Mr. McCleary (the comedian) was to sail from Liverpool to New York, about the 1st of September.

## Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1826.

### READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Courier," an original tale, shall be published. The last part of the signature will be erased—it is certainly a misnomer.

"Misanthropic Ruminations, No. 1," promised to be useful. There are a class of querulous unmeaning rogues in the literary world who richly deserve the satirical lash. It is annoying to be obliged to have their unseasonable salutes buzzing in your ears without any chance to escape from them.

An Essay "On Death," an important topic of reflection to all classes of readers, has been received from V\*\*\*\*\*.

The account of "A Pleasant Tour," will be inserted, with some slight corrections, next week.

"A Petition" does not possess internal evidence of being the coinage of a very "green hand," though we have the writer's word for it. Many of the allusions, indeed, are common place, and rather indicate. The subject is a good one, but has been poorly managed.

The request of a subscriber "West of the Mountains," will be attended to.

"To Laura," a song, may be suited for the circles in which it has been sung and applauded—but the writer is mistaken if he thinks it will appear well in print.

"What is poetry?" If our opinion will stand good on this point, we believe the writer puts this question to be incapable of methodically defining it. It requires the pencil of a master to do it justice.

The copper mines in Somerset county, in New Jersey, are now reported to be worked to advantage, and with the prospect of much profit. The ore yields from 60 to 65 per cent, and there are indications of silver and gold. The galleries extend several thousand feet.

Jerah Stone, of New Jersey, has constructed a steam gun, which he discharges two hundred times a minute! It weighs 300 cwt, is transported on wheels, and throws a ball with great force. He has also constructed a fowling piece, which, with powder and ball, discharges fifteen times a minute.

Captain Jones, of the U. S. Navy, and Lady, have arrived at New York. The brandywine will sail very shortly for the Pacific, under command of Captain J.

The Winyaw (S. C.) Intelligencer of the 9th inst. says—"A letter has been received in this town, from a gentleman at Waccamaw, stating that he had distinctly seen the Sea Serpent, near the beach at Long Bay, and supposes it to be about fifty feet in length."

The Georgetown (S. C.) Gazette says—"The Sea Serpent was seen off Long Bay on Friday last, by a number of people who live on the sea shore. It was apparently 50 feet long."

The Central Gazette mentions the receipt, in Charlotte, of 115 tickets in the Jefferson Lottery, three hundred of which were sold within a few days, and those remaining are said to be sought after with great avidity.

A Natchez paper contains an advertisement against a swindler which concludes thus: "He is genteel in his manners, and altogether a likely good looking rascal."

Newspaper pilfering is growing into a habit in other cities besides our own. A person has been sent to prison for the offence in Providence, (R. I.)

The Michigan Herald of the 9th, gives a report, brought by passengers from the upper Lakes, that Col. McFeil had been honorably acquitted of the charges preferred against him before the Court Martial now sitting at Green Bay, of which Gen. Brady is President.

A young man named Fanning was killed at Baltimore on the 16th inst. by a kick in the side received in a fight with another youth. In England, where fighting is reduced to rule this would be considered murder, but if the death had ensued from what is called a "foul blow" it would be brought in manslaughter.

The New Orleans papers contain very severe censures upon Mr. Rodriguez, the Mayor of that city, for suffering the duel in which young Canonge killed his antagonist.—He was, it is inferred, informed of the intention of Canonge, and when he was brought before him \$300 was the amount of his bonds to be released.

Countersets of the denomination of \$5, 10 and 20 dollars, purporting to be of the State Bank of Carolina, are in circulation and are said to be well engraved.

The canal boat Montgomery from Buffalo, passed Little Falls, a few days since, with a cargo of beaver and other furs, valued at one hundred thousand dollars.

It is calculated that there are now 574 Episcopal Clergy in the United States, and that within the last twelve years the number of Bishops and Clergy, have nearly, if not quite, doubled.

Mr. Weston, of the city of New York, has invented ink of various brilliant colours, red, blue, black, &c. For fanciful writing it is best.

A map of the six New England States, on a scale of 8 miles to an inch, including the boundary lines of all the counties and towns, the principal streams, roads, bridges, churches, villages, and various other objects, has been announced as nearly ready for publication.

A country paper states that the heat was so great on the 1st ult. that the sun roasted the apples on the trees, so as to fit for use!

From Georgia, we learn that the governor had called together the surveyors, appointed under an act passed on the 1st of March, 1820.

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contested by the sanitary influence of inquiry and truth, it is asked that another flood gate of demoralizing arguments and speciously blasphemous reasoning be hoisted to inundate the public mind with tides of skepticism and irreligion. Vice is sufficiently tolerated, we apprehend, without having it fanned by special acts either of legislative or public expression of will—and we think it becoming the citizens of our country, those who can distinguish between causes and effects, and discover how one produces the other, those especially who understand the intimate connexion between individual virtue and national freedom, to close every avenue to vice, and extirpate the baneful operation of atheistical miasma. Give us vice enough and we shall be prepared for slavery.

The caterpillar has commenced its ravages on the cotton crop in the south part of Georgia.

On Thursday week the large and extensive merchant mills, belonging to the Messrs. Tynor, of Baltimore, and situated at York Haven, on the Susquehanna, were entirely destroyed by fire, together with a quantity of grain, etc.

It is stated that the Rev. Mr. Hiddle, of U. S. Bank, is on tour of examination among the branches of that institution. He is accompanied by two officers of the bank.

It is said that Mr. Simeon Guifford, a canal engineer, has discovered the materials of which "Sayings and Doings" was composed, and has taken out a patent for the composition at Washington.

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There comes our friend Winter, Author of Taxes, He's a fortunate man, for he gets what he wants.

He's none of your folks for your bumbo and humbug, For the "Winter" his name, his proceedings are summary.

### MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS SINCE OUR LAST.

Ship ROSEMARY, 200-ton, St. Petersburg, 65 days, masts, rigging, &c.

Ship BRONX, Daves, Campenay, 60 days, masts, &c.

Ship COLOMBO, Peru, Liverpool, 26 days, masts, &c.

Ship FELICIANA, Graves, Hay, 27 days, masts, &c.

Ship EAGLE, Teal, St. Lucia, 35 days, salt.

Harp, Shandon, Island, de Cuba, molasses and sugar.

Ship KATHARINE, Knott Martin, St. Martin, 12 days, plasters.

Ship VICTORIA, Dales, Liverpool, 10 days, &c.

Ship REVENGE, Tyler, Kingston, Ja. 18, rum, coffee, &c.

Ship OHIO, Garwin, N. Orleans via Lazaretto, sugar, &c.

### CLEARANCES.

Ship REVENGE, Blanchard, St. Thomas.

Ship FAIRFIELD, Mrs. John, St. Lucia.

Mary Ann, Knight Jerome, 10 days.

Ship ALLEGRA, Dixey, Liverpool.

Ship JOHN, Davis, Mrs. John, N. P.

Franklin, Kennard, N. Orleans.

Decatur, Campbell, Matanzas.

Sugar, Cacao, Pineapple, &c.

Ship NEPTUNE, Mayell, Havre.

Ship McDONOUGH, Sibyl, Havre.

### MARRIED.

On Thursday, the 24th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Watson, Andrew, MR. ANDREW BYERS, to the widow, MARY HARRIET BUTLER, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 23d inst. at Elizabethport, New Jersey, by the Rev. Mr. PAYNE, ELIAS B. OGDEN, Esq., second son of Colonel Aaron Ogden, to SUSAN, eldest daughter of the Rev. Mr. BISHOP, of the Northern Liberties.

On the 16th inst. by Rev. Thomas J. KITT, Mr. LEVAN CAREY, to CHRISTIANA GODDON, both of the Northern Liberties.

On Tuesday morning, the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. LEVAN CAREY, to CHRISTIANA GODDON, both of the Northern Liberties.

On Wednesday evening, the 9th inst. by George Bartram, Esq., Mr. A. THUR QUACK, to Miss HANNAH WHITAKER, both of this city.

### DIED.

On Friday morning, after a short illness, R. BERT MAULE FORD, aged 29.

On Thursday afternoon, the 24th inst. Miss SUSAN CURRY.

On Monday, the 1st instant, ELIZABETH, daughter of Richard Palmer, Esq., aged 99 years.

On Tuesday morning, after a lingering illness, Mr. JAMES P. WILSON, Esq., of New York, aged 75.

On Wednesday evening, the 25th inst., Mrs. CATHERINE D. GARRETT, of



Victor's the very spirit of life,  
That gives it all its flavor.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

**ENIGMA.**  
The first is an agent, that poison to mankind.  
The soul's high burden is the pressure of mind;  
Though humble it seems, there is more weight 'neath the sun.  
The greater or lesser service has done.  
What is it, the brightest conception on earth,  
Would aspire at, in which they have birth?  
A Milton's own paradise would have been,  
And a Newton's own have tried might's stately bane.  
The second lives first, deep embossed in each breast,  
Should events intrude, the soul gives up the rest.  
And the third, that one little God with a seal  
Should give up his being else in life feel;  
The man's ruling soul, in which he lives.  
The Postgate's proved by all history, true,  
And though some warm enthusiasm fair would my may,  
These others do ver the aeronauts gainsay.

The third is a ver'som where the demons of war,  
Brought into these broad mountain's ear.  
It should prove a shelter of mid-night the brave,  
Whom give up their sheath of the graves.  
What is it, the infant of death embalmed in gore,  
To cover the infant of death embalmed in gore?  
What is it, the Jesus of old left embalmed in gore,  
And the Jesus of new the wiles, lassoes yet gay,  
Difts its kind shade from the heat of the day.

The whole join it together, produce what was seen,  
When the postman of old gave it for what he had been.  
ETHIO.

**ENIGMA.**  
My home is in the human breast,  
My origin, death.  
And whence my image is impress'd,  
My ribs full brightly shone.

Creatures rise at my command,  
Which never before existed;  
No splendid work was ever planned,  
At which I've not assisted.

Forgotten now would Newton lie,  
But I advanced his game,  
And Shakespeare must confess that I  
Assured him his fame.

Full many, too, in ancient days  
Have been by me instructed;  
Moses has Apelles gain'd his praise,  
I, all his adores blessed.

Life's too oft my friends await,  
All could there these but shun,  
Less interest I should give the fate  
Of hapless Chatterton.

And of Columbus he who told  
Through unrequited seas,  
Whose brightest hopes were often foiled,  
By those he sought to please;

He gave a home to the oppressed,  
A land to freedom dear,  
Where I, too, find a place of rest,  
Nor deserts letters fear.

Enough is said—my name unfold,  
For it so slightly shone,  
By common sense it may be told,  
Ev'n by myself unaided.

August 10th.

**DELILLE.**

A disjunctive enjambement very much used,  
And what is in the middle of air,  
Joined with a figure that has evil produced,  
Will make the beginning appear.

2. One half of what an election is given,  
And three-sevenths of a man's name,  
When joined with an article that's dug from the  
earth,  
Will show you a city of fame.

**HOLWERD'S SCENE.**

**MADRID.**

The following interesting account of the city of Madrid, is extracted from a letter of an American gentleman to his friend in that country—it exhibits a lamentable view of the present state of society in that ancient and celebrated city.

" Of this far-famed city, once the residence of the richest, most brilliant and most influential court in Europe, the capital of a kingdom, on whose possessions the sun never sets, and whose power was almost omnipotent, its extent, there remain but scanty traces of what it once was. A court, rendered contemptible by its insincerity and tyranny, its poverty, and dependence, a priesthood, like devils, destroying the last remnant of virtue, nobles in exile, and their palaces falling to ruins, or converted into barracks for soldiers; foreign mercenaries combined with domestic troops, assisting to wrest from industry its last earnings; the colonies gone, and commerce, and the fat offices they afforded to courtly beggars and indigent favorites, annihilated; public credit at such a stand that they cannot obtain a loan in London or Paris, on as advantageous terms as their exorbitant interest for any unguessed expences relating to politics; and spies to communicate to the police any such information as shall tend to extort them in the estimation of their employers, although it be at the expense of the ruin of an innocent family; rogues protected and screened from justice, if they are able to pay for it, " the law's delay," though great every where, peculiarly so here, and offices in possession of syphantes—the streets crowded with beggars, and the roads, in their environs, infested with banditti—such is an outline, by no means exaggerated, of the present state of Madrid and of Spain—When we take into consideration, that it is only three hundred and thirty years, since, from hence Columbus was despatched on that voyage which brought such a stupendous supply of the sinews of war to Europe, and now observes how low in the scale of nations she ranks, and that, at the present time, one of the cities in the country discovered by Columbus counts us almost double the number of inhabitants that the once populous capital of Spain does, her decline has been rapid beyond any parallel."

Count Segur, who was one of the gallant Frenchmen that sustained our revolutionary struggle, and afterwards ambassador of Louis XVI, at the court of Russia has published a second volume of his memoirs, which though somewhat too diffuse, are nevertheless interesting. He enters much at length into the history and business of the embassy, with which at the age of 30, a young colonel of dragoons, and not at all versed in the science of diplomacy, he was honoured. Of these details much of the interest is lost, but there are some conversations and anecdotes of some of the great persons then on the scene, which will well reward a perusal of the volume.

On his journey to St. Petersburg, the Count passed through Berlin, and the great Frederick, being disposed at that moment to conciliate France, received him with great cordiality. While there, he, of course, obtained and treasured up many anecdotes of that singular monarch.

Sometimes he amused himself in embarrassing a person who was speaking to him, by addressing no very pleasant question to him, but he was never offended at a cutting answer. One day seeing his physician coming, he said to him, " Let us talk frankly, doctor, how many men have you killed in your life?" " Sure," answered the Physician, " about three hundred thousand less than your majesty." He often related a jest which escaped a French gentleman, witty, learned, and admitted into his intimacy; it was the Marquis of Argens. One day at one of those dinners during which the King permitted an entire familiarity, Frederick amused himself by asking his guests what they would do were they in his situation? Some answered that they would make such and such conquests; others such and such reformations. " And you, Mar-

quis of Argens?" said the king. " Sire," replied the Marquis, " said I would sell my kingdom, and I would buy a good estate in France, and spend its income at Paris." " Really," exclaimed Frederick. " that is a true French notion."

Concerning the partition of Poland, that deep and ineffable stain upon the honour and faith of European cabinets, the following account, new to us, is given, as received from the lips of Prince Henry of Prussia. It would seem that the Prince gloried in the idea of having invented this treacherous partition, and persuaded his ambitious and remorseless brother to adopt it.

" As to the partition of Poland, replied the prince, the Empress had not the honour of it; for I can say that it was my work. I had been on a voyage to Petersburg; on my return I said to the King, my brother, would you not be very much astonished, and very glad, if I were to render you all at once possession of a great portion of Poland?" " Surprised, yes," answered my brother, but not at all glad, for in order to make this and to keep it, I would have to sustain another terrible war against Russia, Austria, and perhaps France. Once risked that great quarrel, which nearly ruined me. Let us keep quiet, we have enough glory we are old, and want repose."

To dispel his fears, I related that, conversing with Catharine the 2d, as she spoke of the turbulent temper of the Poles, of the anarchy, of their factions, which sooner or later would render their country a theatre of war, into which the powers that surround them would unavoidably be drawn, I conceived and presented to her the idea of a partition, to which Austria ought naturally to consent without trouble, as it would increase her territories.

This project struck the Empress forcibly. It is a ray of light, she said, and if the king your brother adopts this project, we two being agreed, we have nothing to fear; either Austria will co-operate in this partition, or we will, without difficulty, compel her to acquiesce in it.

Thus, I added, Sire, you see that such an aggrandizement only depends upon your will. My brother embraced me, thanked me, and quickly entered into a negotiation with Catharine, and the court of Vienna.—The Emperor hesitated, and sounded the disposition of France; but seeing that the weakness of the cabinet of Louis XV. left him no hope of succour, he gave up, and gently resigned himself to his lot. Thus, without fighting, without losing either blood or money, thanks to me, Prussia was enlarged and Poland di-

vided.

Soon after the promulgation of Dr. Chalmers's fame, he preached in London, on a public occasion, in Rowland Hill's Chapel.—His audience was numerous and principally of the higher circles. Upwards of one hundred clergymen were present, to whom the front seats in the gallery were appropriated. In the midst of these sat Mr. Hill himself, in a state of great anxiety, arising from his hopes, and fearful that he should not succeed before a audience so refined and critical. The Doctor as usual began in his low monotonous tone, and his broad provincial dialect was visibly disagreeable to the delicate ears of his metropolitan audience. Poor Mr. Hill was now upon the rack, but he, having thrown his chain around the audience, took an unguarded moment to touch it with the electric fluid of his oratory; and in a moment every heart began to throb and every eye to glint. Knowing well how to take advantage of this bold stroke, he continued to ascend, and so majestic and rapid was his flight, that in a few minutes he attained an eminence so high, that every imagination was enraptured. The rapid change from depression to joy which Mr. Hill experienced, was too much for him to bear. He felt so bewildered and intoxicated with joy, that unconsciously he started up from his seat, and before his brethren could interfere, he struck the front of the gallery with his clenched fist, and roared out with a stentorian voice— " Well done, Chalmers!"

A scholar of Dr. Bushy's, coming into a parlor where the Doctor had laid down a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, takes it up and says aloud, I publish the bunch between these grapes and my mouth; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let him declare it. The Doctor being but in the next room, overheard what was said and coming into the school, he ordered the boy who had eaten the grapes to be taken up, as it is called, horsed on another boy's back, but before he proceeded to the usual discipline, he cried out aloud as the delinquent had done, " I publish the bunch between my rod and this boy's back; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined, let him declare it." " Why so?" said the Doctor, " Because the parties are not agreed," replied the boy. Which answer so pleased the Doctor, who liked to find any readiness of wit in his scholars, that he ordered the boy to sit down.

In a hotel in this state, a letter had remained over the middle-piece for many months, directed to some unknown place in Ohio. At last, it was thought advisable to open it, and see if its contents threw any light on the subject, so it might be forwarded to the person for whom it was intended. On unfolding it, their eyes were greeted with the following, in characters corresponding with the orthograph— " Deere Kuzzin — Gif my luff to Ant. Cadthogian has hang'd himself — very af-fekstionly yours. — MISA PARKINS."

Among the recent Parisian inventions is a curious one of making clocks of Paper, which are asserted to be an improvement on metallic machinery, and are wonderfully light and simple in their movement.

New Castle upon Tyne, was made a Royal castle by William the Conqueror, and the first charter which was granted to the town, for digging coal was by Henry III. in 1239; but in 1300 the use of coal for fuel was prohibited in London, by royal proclamation, chiefly because it injured the sale of wood for fuel, great quantities of which were then growing about that city.

**Stock Brokers.**—An unemployed weaver meeting an acquaintance, complained of the depression of business, and the general distress. His friend, with great elongation of voice exclaimed, " Ah, Jamie, the hand of Providence is not, it's just punishment for our sins—" " It may be, said I, and it may not be, replied Jamie, " I can say, but there's no sin I'm sure of, that he true that says you are—the weavers suffer more for their sins than any set of men I ken o'er."

**PROSPECTS OF GREECE.**

Evans, in the twelfth number of his essay, gives a favourable view of the ultimate success of the Greeks. He says " no people ever inherited from nature, a more free and unfeigned spirit than the Greeks. They are high moulded, proud, and republican. That they are a degenerate people, is altogether a groundless assertion; that they are not equal to their ancestors, would be saying too much." He thinks, one of the most serious difficulties which the Greeks have had to contend with, has been a spirit of discord among themselves.

to which he attributes the success of Ibrahim Pacha, and the devastation of the Morea. He speaks very confidently of their ultimate success, and predicts the downfall of the Turks.

" Time, and the spirit of the age, he says, are secretly shaping the foundation on which she stands. A new state of things is to exist in European, Asiatic, and African Turkey. The seat of war is to be transferred from the Rhine to the Euphrates."

**INSTINCT OF PLANTS.**

Dr. Hancock says, that if a vessel of water is placed within 6 inches of a growing cucumber, her, that in 24 hours time, the cucumber will alter the direction of its branches, and not stop till it comes into contact with the water. That if a pole is placed a considerable distance from an unsupported vine, the branches of which are proceeding in a contrary direction from that towards the pole, the vine will, in a short time, alter its course, and not stop till it clings round the pole. But if a lamb puts up his fore legs, it will carefully avoid attaching itself to low vegetables nearer to it, as the cabbages to the Euphrates."

**Roger's Joke.**—Farmer Watts, of Philadelphia, has a lamb with six legs. He intends to apply for the large medal from the society for improving the breed of quadrupeds. Rogers, the poet, asserts that all lambs have six legs; because, if a lamb puts up his fore legs, it will still to the vine, because it is a good and easy way to support itself.

**TO THE ELECTORS.**

**BELLOW CITIZENS.**—Encouraged by many partial

friends to give your voice as a candidate, I desir to lay before you, the ground-work, in which I have to stand.

For nearly five years, including the darkest, hours of that struggle, I have labored to the best of my power, to the utmost rigor of the law, all parties concerned in propagating a story, that the managers had means of paying all his debts!! This is a species of slander, not conceived and presented to her idea of a partition, to which Austria ought naturally to consent without trouble, as it would increase her territories.

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vided.

**TO MAKE VINEGAR.**

To every ten gallons of rain water add one gallon molasses, and one of Brandy. (Whiskey) —say a gallon and a half will answer as well; mix them well together and place the cask in a garret or some dry place, and occasion ally shaking it, in a few months it will be fit.

**TO DESTROY RATS AND MICE.**

Take equal quantities of unslacked lime and powdered oat meal; mix them by stirring without adding any liquid, and put a small quantity in a place infested by rats or mice. It is said that they will swallow this preparation, become thirsty, and the water which they will drink will swell the lime and destroy them.

It is said that beans should not be hoed when the dew is upon them, or in rainy weather.

**THE CASKET.**

There is now issued from time to time a monthly publication, entitled THE CASKET, or, Pictures of Literature, Art and Sentiment, containing each number 32 octavo pages, printed well, on small headed paper, in the finest paper, stitched and covered, and furnished at the low price of TWO DOLLARS PER VOLUME.

The Casket is a collection from the choice pieces of the Saturday Evening Post, made with a reference to the different which should exist in the materials of a weekly paper, and those of a monthly publication, the former of course enriched with essays, articles, &c., and those set off by a sketch of the occurrences of the week. The latter can receive little value from a mere detail of events, many of which would cease to be interesting before they were recorded.

The last quantity of matter crowded, by small type, and careful arrangement into the columns of the Saturday Evening Post, will in the course of a month, furnish the most ample materials from which to form an interesting periodical work such as the Casket has been.

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